



State Superintendent Park lectured before the teachers' institute at Tooele, yesterday.

Mr. Havenor of the Lincoln school will spend a portion of his vacation at Ogden.

The post school at Fort Douglas closed for the year on Thursday.

Messrs. Baldwin and Nelden of the board of education visited the Franklin school on Tuesday.

A. E. Henninger representing the publishing house of E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York, has been in the city during the past week. He is getting views of buildings and data concerning the public schools of the city.

The next meeting of the Salt Lake County Teachers' association will be held April 10, at 10 o'clock.

It is now definitely settled that Dr. Winship will lecture here on Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 11 and 12.

Miss Jessie Drew of the Lowell school writes from Las Cruces, New Mexico,

of the evening. Principal McCoy and corps of teachers are to be heartily congratulated upon the success of the entertainment, which was so conspicuously excellent, and the piano fund will receive a large impetus.

The meeting of the Utah Mathematical society will be held in the university on Friday and Saturday, April 8 and 9. The first meeting will be held on Friday afternoon at 2:30, and there will be a lecture in the evening by President Kerr, of the Y. college, Logan, and a session on Saturday. The subjects to be discussed are of vital importance to the profession of teaching, and teachers of all classes of schools are invited to be present and participate in the discussions that follow the reading of papers.

At the general meeting of the city teachers yesterday the subject of "School Banking" was resumed. Principal McCoy of the Ogden school opposed its introduction into the public schools, substantiating his position by the introduction of letters from cities where the scheme has been in operation for some length of time. He also maintained that school banking is not a legitimate part of school work, and that the exactions of the present day upon the time and energies of the teachers forced the introduction of such extraneous to the regular curriculum. In his estimation, there is a disposition to

THE MILITARY CITY

Fort Douglas Soldiers Are Ready For Immediate Action.

ANXIOUS FOR THE FRAY

THE OFFICERS VERY CONSERVATIVE ABOUT OPINIONS.

Monthly Inspection—The Merry-makers Will Give a Ball—Ordinance Sergeant Lange Busy With the Stores—Aiming Drills of Daily Occurrence.

At Fort Douglas all is serene and the dark shadow of the war cloud seems not to have fallen over its fair face. There are no outward signs of excitement among the people of the post, but under this seeming serenity there is a spirit of restlessness and expectation that is felt by nearly all. There are no warlike preparations going on, and the same peaceful atmosphere seems to surround the little city. But every man in the post is ready for immediate service and should the order come, they are ready to leave at any moment. Each report concerning the present trouble is watched with great interest, and the possibilities and probabilities of war are discussed by both officers and men. The soldiers are very anxious to be ordered to the front and are loud in their hopes that Uncle Sam will give them a chance to fight.

But the officers are more conservative. They do not wish to advance any opinions, but it is plain to be seen that they are in favor of putting a stop to the Spanish outrages and making Spain pay indemnity for the destruction of Maine. Around the system of things are going along in the same old groove. A detail of men are at work each day on the target range. The butts are in the process of repair and work as to make it dangerous for those in the pit during target practice. But this is all being changed now. The old butts are being replaced by new ones and entirely new ones built, and when the coming season opens in May the range will be in perfect condition.

The large parade ground in front of the barracks has been seeded and an attempt is being made to have it covered with grass. Heretofore it has been barren dirt, but now it will be changed to a lawn. It is possible to induce the grass to grow upon it. This new order of things is in accordance with a recent order issued from headquarters, directing post commanders to beautify their posts as much as possible by planting seeds, setting out trees and making other improvements.

The baseball grounds are also being repaired. The fence and the usual things are being replaced, and the diamond changed to a lawn. Other necessary repairs will also be made and baseball teams are so organized for the coming season.

On Thursday the regiment was turned out for monthly inspection and muster. Some visitors were in the post at the time and when the inspection was completed they immediately proceeded to spread the report that the Twenty-fourth was ordered away. Of course this kind of telephone busy for a while answering the questions as to the supposed movement.

Work on the reservoir in Red Butte canyon has been started again and it will be pushed to speedy completion. The work has been discontinued through the winter and the new forms have been ordered. It is considerably, but it is hoped to have the reservoir in good working order very soon.

On the morning of the 7th, some condensed cavalry horses will be sold at auction in the post at 10 a. m.

The Merry-makers will give a ball in the post hall in the near future.

The enlisted men gave a very successful dance in the post hall last week, which there were a great many people present from the post and the city.

Ordinance Sergeant Lange has been recently with his ordinance stores. He has taken the Hercules, getting guns and other cannons and cleaned them. He has also been busy preparing for the opening of the new target range.

Aliming drills are of daily occurrence now and the little party targets dot the horizon in the rear of the barracks, while the troops for holding the rifles stand in lines in front of the targets like silent sentinels.

KLONDIKE LOSING INTEREST.

Great Decrease in the Number of Northern Immigrants.

San Francisco, April 3.—With only about one-third the number of passengers carried on her previous trip, the steamer Valencia of the Pacific Steam Wharves company's fleet, sailed for the north today.

In the cabins were 40 passengers bound for Copper River ports, Portage Bay, Resurrection Bay, and Port Valdes, and four for Seattle. In the second cabin and storeroom were 73 passengers bound for the same ports and four for Seattle, besides 10 fishermen and 10 Chinese, who will be employed in and around canneries at Orea. A number of passengers and three government expeditions will be taken on at Seattle.

The Ships.

New York—Arrived: Rotterdam, Rotterdam; La Bretagne, Havre; Morlaix, Buenos Aires.

Quebec—Arrived: Etruria, New York. Arrived: Pannonia, Boston for Liverpool, and proceeded.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press: No man ever gets as full as his wife's good shoes do.

If babies commenced talking as soon as they commenced teething, old bachelors would understand them better.

Every man who is in the quarters with another man, thinks he reminds other people of a big mastiff and the other man of a cur.

The world is divided into two kinds of folks: those who think they are better than other people, and those who think other people are better than they.

Nothing makes women mad so quick as to have her husband laugh when she says she has always prided herself on her ability to keep her fingers to see if the man is looking to see if she does.

Open Scene.

Puck: "A crust of bread?" faltered the pilgrim.

"None," brusquely answered the citizen. "A pellet of straw?"

"Any theory as to the cause of the destruction of the Maine?"

Here the portal swung wide and the mendicant was bidden enter.

He Kept Her Busy.

Pack: Mrs. Tooley sympathetically—Shure, Mrs. Riley, it must be terrible wearing on you to have such a worthless, shiftless, drunken husband as that?

EARLY DAYS IN AUSTIN, NEV.

Some Curious and Original Characters That Figured In Its Affairs.

San Francisco Chronicle: Among the characters that floated on the surface of life in Austin, Nev., when it was a new community, there was none that excited more curiosity and comment than a man that was known as "White-Headed-Ross." He appeared to be in more than of the dangerous classes—more of a ruler than a comrade—among the gamblers and gun men who are almost the first to rush to a new mining excitement. He was tall and thin almost to emaciation. His hair was white, not the white of age, but the head color of childhood. Aside from this, his one noticeable feature was his eyes, which were cold and steady blue. He was a man of a laugh and seldom to smile. No one ever heard his voice raised in loud contention, but whatever the circumstances, it appeared to be as low and softly modulated as a woman's. Notwithstanding this, his shock always appeared to be the result of a man who was accustomed to the worst men in the community, and his words always seemed to be laid upon them. No matter how drunken, boisterous and quarrelsome he might be, he would appear upon the scene and address them a few words in his womanish tones, and give them a glance of warning from his steady blue eyes, they would separate and silently seek their lairs. He was the only one who could get an honest day's work out of the braggart gamblers, check gamblers and gun men, when down on their luck, they were obliged to labor that they might live. He had utilized them in cutting away in Reese River valley and hauling it to town in the fall, and now, as winter was rearing his head by retelling it at from \$10 to \$20 per ton to the freighters bringing in supplies to the community. While Ross had the reputation of being a "bad man" in more ways than one, he was a man of a very active how he had acquired it. To be sure, rumor had it that his ranch in Sierra valley had been the resort of some of the worst characters in the highwaymen in western Nevada, but it had been raised several times by the officers and nothing found to incriminate.

His reputation as a "killer" appeared to rest on the fact that the most desperate and daring among the dangerous characters in the community had never overt act of his so far as the community knew seemed to justify it. It was whispered that he was a sort of type of the braggart gamblers, check gamblers, and had done something that made those commonwealths, even in those lawless days, too hot to hold him. One morning Austin was startled and astonished to learn that White-Headed-Ross was dead—not so much by the more fact of his death as that he had died in his bed like a man of peace, instead of "with his boots on," as had been the rule with all desperadoes on the coast. His body had hardly been sent down the grade with the usual brass band accompaniment when the probate judge came into the store of one of the merchants and solicited him to become executor of the estate of the late White-Headed-Ross. It was thought that Ross had left quite a sum of money, if it could be found, and he certainly had left about 30 tons of hay that he had bought for the community. The prices represented quite a tidy sum, and there were fears that this would soon disappear, as some of the thugs and short-card sports who had hibernated about Ross' shack claimed and threatened to remove it by force of arms. The merchant knew what was before him if he undertook the job, but he said that he would accept if the court would audit the bills for the preservation of the property. This being conceded, he proceeded to call upon the acquaintances, armed them with guns and pistols, and with them, he took himself to the Ross shack and had a hardy encounter there, for they had a barricade formed of bales of hay on top of the stack before a string of canvas thimble in half of the cross-road sports in town, have in sight. There was a wordy altercation, but the special administrator and his gun men held the fort, and the wretched wended their way down the hill, discomfited and empty-handed. No money was found in or about the shack or record of any deeper. There was a record of a perfect arsenal of weapons, offensive and defensive. Rifles, sawed-off shotguns and pistols of every caliber were there, and they were in the arms of the army came out stronger in knives than in any other weapon, the most of them being of the whole outfit being a triangular knife, known as a razor, and with a corker handle. The surprising discovery was that Ross was not, as had been thought, southern born, but was a native son of the state of Maine, where a mother and sister, whom he had been supporting for years, were now in the city. The letters and papers found, they appeared to be a respectable, God-fearing sort, who had no idea of the kind of life the son and brother was leading.

Dick Altman and George Ensign, two noted bad men of the town, had fallen out. What it was all about no one seemed to know or care, but whenever they came together there was a reasonable certainty that they would come shooting. Now in conflicts of this sort there had been a large amount of bad marksmanship. The principals very seldom suffered therefrom, but the bystanders were very apt to carry off anecdotes of the combat in the shape of chunks of wood and iron, and their anatomies. None of these non-participants had been killed through this foolishness, but when a shooting affray occurred the bystanders had got in the habit of bursting into a simultaneous yell of "Don't shoot!" more in derision of the anticipated bad marksmanship of the principals than fear of the consequences. One sunny Sunday afternoon, when sidewalks and saloons were crowded with miners enjoying the sight and discussions of the town two shots rang out in the big stone saloon, followed by the derisive shout from a hundred throats of "Don't shoot!" The sharp crack of two more shots followed and then the crowd poured out of the saloons and those in the street broke for cover. The principals were now on the street, prancing around in their efforts to a dead aim at each other. Among those who broke out of the saloon was a gigantic miner with a barrel shirt, overalls tucked in cowhide boots and a flapping felt hat. He broke down the street, jumping and cowering like an ungainly dray horse released from harness, and with his face on the ground and his hands on his knees, he was yelling at the top of his voice, "Don't shoot!" As he was talking his highest leap and shouting his loudest the pistol he held in his right hand struck the earth the herculean miner fell prone on his face in the dust. When he turned him over an instant later he was stone dead. The bullet from Dick Altman's pistol had struck him in the back, pierced his heart and he never knew what hurt him. For this Dick escaped the state prison by a scratch, and there was a blight on prominent street and saloon shooting in the town thereafter.

In the fall of 1883 there was a large overland emigration passing through Austin, principally from Missouri and Kansas, whence they were fleeing to escape the draft and other evils incident to the civil war. Austin was the first town on the route after leaving Salt Lake, and on reaching it the average Missourian was struck with a consuming thirst that only whisky could assuage.

One afternoon the merchant in upper Austin was contemplating his depleted stock and speculating on the arrival of a fresh supply on the road, but long overdue. He was particularly short of whisky, having tapped his last bar-

storekeeper said: "Help yourself. There's the facet and a glass," pointing to a tumbler of generous proportions. The Missourian enveloped the tumbler in his large and sinewy hands and filled it to the brim. The barkeeper suggested that he dilute his beverage with water, but the Missourian waved him aside with the remark: "Stranger, I allow take my liquor straight."

The storekeeper watched him, fascinated. With a sigh of satisfaction the Missourian raised him up to his full height, threw back his head and poured the tumblerful of fiery liquor down his throat. It took but an instant to get in its deadly work. His eyes winked and filled with tears, the muscles of his throat worked as with the effort of swallowing. With a wild "Hoppe!" he leaped in the air, and as he alighted he yelled:

"For God's sake, mister, where's your water?"

After imbibing the cooling liquid, he remarked:

"I've been drinking whisky nigh on to 40 years, but Austin whisky has the most 'chimes' of any I ever tasted. How much is it a gallon?"

Relieved that he did not have a dead man on his hands, the storekeeper made the price satisfactory and the Missourian went on his way a happier man, well stocked with it.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.
THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between H. B. Davies and J. W. Keddington, under the firm name and style of Davies & Keddington, being dissolved by mutual consent, J. W. Keddington having purchased the interest of H. B. Davies. All claims against said firm contracted from Feb. 1, 1897, will be paid by said J. W. Keddington.
H. B. DAVIES.
J. W. KEDDINGTON.
Dated Salt Lake City, Utah, March 14, 1898.

The business will be continued at the same place by J. W. Keddington.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, IN AND FOR Salt Lake county, state of Utah, Kate F. Wilson, plaintiff, vs. W. H. Wilson, defendant. Summons.—The state of Utah does hereby summon you to appear within twenty days after service of this summons upon you, to answer within the county in which this action is brought, otherwise, within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure to do so, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the clerk of the within named court.
MICHAEL ROYER, Plaintiff's Attorney.
P. O. Address, Rooms 11 and 12, Eagle Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

WE TRY TO MAKE ONE SALE MAKE THE NEXT ONE LARGER.

TAILOR-MADE CLOTHES, READY-TO-WEAR PRICES.

Brag and bluster are rampant over vast quantities of Clothing that never had a nodding acquaintance with the tailor. Good materials are degraded into bad clothing by the lack of tailoring, and that's why most ready-to-wear clothing disappoints. Not so here. Our clothing is made by the best tailors in the land, the linings and trimmings are the very best. The permanence of our business is based upon selling you the best at come-back-again prices.

We never had such a showing of Men's Clothing before. Good Suits for \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.50. The \$7.50 one is the nobbiest and best Suit you ever saw for the money. If you live out of town, just send for samples of these three. Our better Suits come at \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00—all kinds—Clay Worsteds, Cheviots, Serges, Fancy Mixtures and Fancy Worsteds.

BOYS' KNEE PANTS SUITS

No better way to show our clothing than in our long pants suits. Some very nobby things for Salt Lake's swell young men. We start them at \$3 for a good, all-round suit; at \$4 we have a fine black cheviot, round or square cut; at \$5, brown or gray plaids, or brown mixtures; at \$6, brown plaids; at \$7.50, brown or gray plaids and clay worsteds; at \$10, \$12 and \$15, clay worsteds and fancy mixtures.

These goods are all tailored by artists, and have the same style as our men's clothes.

Leave it to the boys. 'd we'll venture they'll come here. There's something about our knee pants suits that lift them away above the ordinary, and the boys know it.

That's what makes this Greatest Clothing Store so popular. Have a fine suit for \$1.50; an all-wool one for \$2.50, and at \$3, \$3.50 or \$4.

Some splendid values in brown or gray plaids. Our \$4.50 and \$5 suits come in brown or gray plaids, very nobby; and at \$6 and \$7.50 we have some of the swellest things ever turned out by the best boys' tailors.

These suits all come reefer style, with large sailor collars; ages, 3 to 8, and regular double-breasted, ages 8 to 15.

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